

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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No. 21.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE MEMORIAL.

The Binnacle.

The following narrative is from the lips of a seaman, as related on board of a vessel upon the Atlantic, when indications of a storm were upon the heavens, similar to those disclosed in the tale. To transplant it, from the scene and circumstances of its delivery, detracts much from its effect. The scenery adds to the play, and both are dependant for their interesting qualities upon the state of the listener's mind. Let him who has but a single touch of romance in his composition, imagine himself on the relentless deep, away from all that he holds dear, subjected to the dominion of wind and wave, and passing a vacant hour among the sailors on the fore-castle, listening to their wild tales of storm and death, and he then may have a faint idea of that mute attention which was bestowed upon this simple story. The author pretends to no other credit than that which is due to a translator.

" A light in the binnacle." This order was given in that peremptory manner, which shows that a man is either ill at ease with himself, or with those peculiar circumstances in which he is then involved. He, from whose lips this order came, knew not but that it might be deemed unmanly in him to begin, at that moment, to guard against the worst. The top-mast had been struck, the rigging coiled away in the most seamanlike style, and the sun had now sunk beneath a chaos of pillowy clouds, leaving scarce a star, as a sentinel to watch over the dreary waste of waters. Yet to the inexperienced eye, there was nothing to warrant any preparation against an approaching tempest. A summer evening breeze gently filled the reefed foresail, and the helmsman was warbling snatches of sea-songs, intermingled with sundry and diverse musical caricatures of *Auld Lang Syne*.

But the captain and mate were observed to converse together in low tones, and often to look at the rigging, and to cast stolen glances towards the sky, which was dying every object with a fearful crimson. The expiring sun light, as it fell upon the face of Captain Sears, gave, in deep outlines, one of those expressive countenances, which are frequently found among the seamen of New-England; and

one could almost trace marks of the storm upon his weather beaten visage. On board of the ship he was a perfect autocrat; but in the bosom of his family, or in the social circle, he was the unaffected, amiable sailor, pretending to nothing in art or science higher than the truck, or deeper than the keel of his own vessel. There was a beam in his eye, at the moment of which we have been speaking, allied to both of these qualities—a note of preparation seemed to ring from his strung nerves, while a stoicism, as to the result, might have been drawn from his open and fearless countenance. The sailors followed with their eyes the direction of his looks and gestures, and with sedulous haste obeyed his orders as given through the medium of his mates.

A gradual increase of the breeze was noticed, and the hesitation of the commander seemed changed from doubt to certainty. He turned to a young man near him, and said, in an under tone, "do you mark that yonder glim has shut in, that those clouds are condensed, and do you see that feathery maze approaching us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, upon our weather bow?"

"And what then?" was the reply.

"What then?—you do not pretend to be ignorant that an equinoctial gale will be likely to give us a wet birth for supper—or that it is now coming on as though the very devil directed it? Come, Monsieur Melancholy, give us a specimen of your manhood—you are aware that my jack-tars will stand by me as long as a spike holds; yet they love your jack-knife better than my whole carcass—cheer up, give bad luck to the winds, help us to port, and who knows but happiness may await you."

"I would rather," soliloquised the young man, "be gasping in those dark waters, which are now rising in anger around me, and grope my way into those still coral caverns, which are yawning beneath me. Was I not born to a fortune, and have I not endured penury? Were not these hands once soft with luxury, and are they not now hardened by toil? Did I not love thee, Mary, and wert not thou, my bud of bliss, blighted by misfortune?—art thou not the bride of another? Why is it, that heartless myself, others attach themselves to me, merely to be drawn into that vortex of ruin, which mine own going down has created? A home under these troubled waves, were better than to live a thing without a hope, under a seeming fair sky of peace, when the fiery demon of despair is burning all within me. Yet

these poor fellows love me ; they love life—I must save them."

He started from his musing posture, and it was as if lightning had flashed across the decks. The cry was, "Frederick sees danger, and we must do our utmost." The foresail was hanked, a balance-reefed storm-staysail placed in its stead ; he was on the main-top, bowsprit, and in every part of the ship almost at the same instant. The excitement was such, that an indifferent observer would have thought that all was in sport—that a visitor was coming, or a merry-making on foot—The captain and mate seemed to have delegated their authority, and Frederick, was the moving cause of all which followed. An instant of stillness occurred after all was done, when Frederick walked leisurely up to the captain, and putting off all restraint, grasped his hand, and in the lofty tone of despair, urged him to state, when, (if ever) he should see his Mary, that she was the last object upon which his earthly thoughts had rested. The pressure was warmly returned with the reply,

"We have too long (duty to the contrary notwithstanding) kept ourselves as strangers ; should I not survive, you will find that I have remembered you. But I must attend my duties. Assist me—look at yon mist, created by the storm, as it takes off the tops of the sea.—Farewell"

Frederick repaired to his station, and viewed calmly the tornado as it came on. There were the unearthly sounds of contest heard, as the winds and waters met in their fight ; the frightened sea-bird, as she fled from the mad onset, was heard screaming in the distance ; the saddened look of the sailor, as he watched the approach of the elemental army, betokened thoughts of his far home and fire-side—all seemed like that instant, when the victim's neck is ready, and before the fatal axe falls.—Yet Frederick cast but a glance at the mast, and again settled into a reverie, as an indifferent spectator of the work of the Almighty.

The first shock careened the ship almost to a level with the sea—she then went majestically onward, triumphing over the waters like a warrior in the pride of victory. But onward and more furious came the foes. Brace after brace snapped—sea after sea swept the decks, as if the sea and air were contending for the prize. The cheering shouts of Frederick rose amid the roar and crash of elements, until one wave, more violent than the rest, tore the captain from the deck, and he was seen amid the froth, struggling in the agonies of death. There was a wild shriek which burst from the crew, as the ship settled under its burthen of waters, and when she arose from the blow, not a particle of rigging was standing—the masts were over the side, and the decks swept as closely as though some tremendous machine had, at one onset, severed each timber and stanchel. The mate looked

fearfully to the situation of the captain, and then turned his eye toward the place where Frederick had stood. In a moment he saw the latter buffeting his way toward the former, having in his hand the topgallant-yard, and apparently swimming from the vessel. Two seas more brought the captain on deck, nearly exhausted, who murmured "Frederick," and became insensible.

The gale died away by degrees, though the swell of the sea still continued, and the next morning dawned upon a mastless bark, which lay in her inefficiency upon the billows, with spars floating all around her. A disabled ship, with but a bare foremast standing, was seen caprioling upon the waves astern, and the elements were gradually and slowly subsiding.

Captain Sears's feelings were so goaded, that he was almost driven mad, when he recollected that his young companion had sacrificed himself upon the altar of romantic friendship. The last words which he had heard from Frederick's lips, while they were on the waves together, were continually ringing in his ears, "you have competence and domestic attachments—I have neither ; take this and be saved."

Jurymasts were raised, repairs made, the sailors lamented the fate of their beloved comrade, and, at last, their destined port was reached in safety.

I cannot describe Mary. It is well known that a coincidence exists between man's life and the seas and winds—upon the ocean, in one latitude, the breath of heaven stirs not its face "too roughly"—in another, there are the demons of destruction raging in their fiercest mood. With man it is thus—to-day his course is that of the placid river—to-morrow, what once was peace, is thrown into commotion, and the original beauty is changed. On the evening of the shipwreck, Mary was strolling in uneasy listlessness upon the margin of the sea, entirely unconscious that every part of it was not as quiet as that which met her gaze. I cannot describe Mary, as I have said ; but she was one who seemed born to cheer, and not to sadden—there was a joyousness in her dark eye, yet sorrow dwelt around her lip. It was not that her ringlets were glossy—not that she was fair—not that her cheeks wore the hue of health ; I have seen many such, and forgotten them ; but it was the combination of all her features, set off by a lovely form, which interested as a whole, and which, once seen, would have been held up, not as a standard of beauty, but as a prototype of a being, by whom man would wish to be beloved. Her thoughts were upon the sea, upon one ship which was daily expected.

The moon was then shining upon the white tops of the bounding wave ; the distant cloud just blushed the edge of the horizon with the damask tinge of lightning, and

the mild wind, as it threw back her raven hair, blew auspiciously for the return of Frederick. I will not say but that she more than once thought of an event which might follow. She coursed the winding shore, stopped to view a piece of the wreck of some ship which had just floated on shore, burst into tears, and went home to weep over the dangers of the sea. There is a loveliness in the grief of a beautiful woman, which interests deeply, although we know not the cause of her sorrow; it is not allied to love, when we behold it, but it constrains us to vow that we will achieve impossibilities to remove it. Mary had a lively, but a sensitive affection, and that piece of perhaps antiquated wreck, which she beheld, was the harbinger of a destruction to her dearest hopes. Association, with its shadowy forms, will sometimes daunt the mind more effectually, than when reality presents to one the tangible forms of human woe. It was thus with Mary; a decayed piece of a wrecked ship which had long since been covered by the deep, awoke the terrors for the fate of her lover which were not the less severe because they were the work of her imagination.

A few years passed by, when the commander, who had not forgotten the perils of that night which have been faintly described, called together at an inn, the crew who were his companions in the fearful scene. He sat at the head of the table, a true picture of the open-hearted, generous seamen; with his mate on his right, and his hurdy tars around him. He seemed sad, as if some associations connected with former years, had brushed a dark wing across his memory. The careless jokes of his unthinking companions awoke no smile upon his lips. He had discharged his solemn errand from Frederick to Mary, who, even now was exclusively devoted to the memory of her first and only love. The death of her interested suitor, previous to the binding of the fatal knot, had absolved her from the necessity of obeying her parents. She was alone, "a mere waif upon the world's wild common," the mistress of a fortune bequeathed her by her lately deceased parents, and though in the bloom of youth and beauty, was anxious to join in the world of spirits that one who in death could not forget her. The recollection of these things weighed down the spirits of the captain, and the shade of Frederick seemed to upbraid him for the present apparent festivity. Twice had he left the table, with his hand upon his brow, and walked in agitation across the long room of their entertainment. He gazed from the window, and the moon looked down in her effulgence upon the frost as it spangled the meadow, and glittered upon the trees; in the distance, the rude sea gambled in its frolic; the lighthouse twinkled on the beeting bluff, and his own ship rode majestically at her moorings. The tear stole down his bronzed

cheek, as he thought of his young friend, and a reverie of painful reminiscences was fast coming over him, when duty, the seamen's watchword, recalled him to a sense of his situation, and with an effort he returned to his seat, and filled a bumper "to the memory of Frederick." They all rose, and a trembling in the hand, and a quiver of the lip could be seen among them, as the cup was slowly raised to drink an almost sacred toast. They were scarcely seated, before the door opened, and a sailor, in a neat, yet coarse dress, accompanied by a cabin boy, apparently about eighteen years of age, came in, and the sailor, without ceremony, took a seat at the foot of the table, still keeping on his shining tarpaulin, while the cabin boy stood behind his chair. The captain seemed to think this an unwarrantable intrusion, and in his gruffest tone observed, "shipmate, you bear down upon us without showing colours; come, give us a toast, to ascertain whether you are not a pirate; as for your Bob o-lincoln yonder, he appears to be in a dead calm; send him round under my lee." The cabin boy went behind the captain, the can was filled, and all were in readiness for the stranger's toast. "I will give you," said he, "*Alight in the binnacle!*"

The scene was picturesque. The captain dropped his glass, and leaned forward with a superstitious earnestness in his gaze. The sailors looked alternately from the captain to the concealed countenance of the stranger.—"By——, I see his cloven foot," quoth an Irishman, as he peeped under the table; a sound box, well applied to the ear of the captain from the pretended cabin-boy, and a loud laugh from the stranger, revealed Frederick and Mary to the astonished listeners. The binnacle, and the ship astern, had saved Frederick on the night of the storm: fortune had favoured him with riches: he had returned, the master of a noble ship, that very evening; Mary had welcomed him with rapture; and their little plot of surprise, to Captain Sears and his crew, had been carried into happy effect.

Mary suffered for her bravery in masquerading, by a loud smack from the Captain, before she effected her escape. Frederick was doomed to pay the whole of the reckoning; and every sailor, together with Captain Sears, received an invitation to the wedding, which was held in jovial style, at a seat adjoining to the Captain's, which Frederick had purchased with the fruits of his sea voyage.

ICHABOD.

Mankind may be divided into three classes: 1st, Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men; 2d, Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men; and lastly, Those who learn neither from their own, nor other people's experience—they are fools. Alas! this class is by far the largest.

Gambling;

OR, RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

“——— as we do turn our backs
 “From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 “So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 “Shrink all away.”

“Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?” said Edward F. passionately to his wife. The night had passed; but its cold wind entered the house, as Mrs. F., with a sorrowful heart, undid the lock.

“Is it late, Edward; and I could not keep from slumbering.”

He said nothing in return to this: but flung himself in a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and, putting his arms around the father's neck, whispered, “papa, what has mamma been crying for?”—Mr. F. started—shook off his boy, and said, with violence, “get to bed sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this hour!”—The poor child's lower lip pouted; but he was, at this time, too much frightened to cry. His sister, silently, took him up; and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him; but she soon returned to the parlor. She leant upon her husband and thus addressed him;—“Edward I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me—but I implore of you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be! Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as of bad hours. You wrong me—you wrong yourself, thus to let *my hand* shew I am your wife—but at the same time let *your heart* know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward—for Heaven's sake, tell me!—we are poor!—we are reduced! we are ruined!—is it not so?”

Edward had not a word for his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

“Well, be it so, Edward! Our children may suffer from our fall; but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for *myself*, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for you. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband—it is true, your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum—but he is not *all the world*!—only consider your wife in that light——.”

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause; she returned to her husband: “Mary is at the door—she says, you always kissed her before she went to bed?”

“My child—my child,” said the father;—“God bless you—I am not well, Mary.—Nay, do not speak to me to night: Go to rest now—give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again.”

Mr. F. too was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and his children had once given him happy dreams—but now, the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality.

When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

“Where are you going Edward?” said his wife, “I have been considering,” he replied, calmly; “and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy—was proud of me. It is true, I have acted dishonorably by him; and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him; but I did not then know myself. Your dear affection, my wife, has completely altered me. I never can forget my ill treatment towards you: but I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will—Nay, do not—do not grieve in this way—this is worse to me than all—your young ones, my wife—I will be back soon.”

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. After a short space of time, Mr. F. returned.

“Why so pale, my husband! will your parent not assist you?”

“We must indeed sink, my love! He will not assist me. He upbraided me; I did not, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones but he has cast us off for ever.”

The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.'s father he took possession of the property; and he had the power to make F. a prisoner.

“You shall not take papa away,” said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

“Mamma,” whispered Mary, “must my father go to prison—won't they let us go too?”

“Here comes my authority,” said the deputy sheriff.

The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

“You shall not take my papa away,” cried out the boy to his grandfather.

“Whatever may have been my conduct sir,” said the miserable Edward, “this is unkind of you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife—my children—you have no right thus to harrass them with your presence.”

“Nay, husband,” responded Mrs. F. “think not of me. Your father cannot distress *me*. I have not known you, Edward, from your childhood as he has done; but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten your youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years.”

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly, yet nervously answered thus:

"Madam—I have *not* forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have *not* forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself—and I have *not* forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows; but let not the world, therefore, think him unfeeling—especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets to vice by single steps; and many think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition; and that with him a single leap is sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother—the laughing eyed young pet of a—pshaw—of an old fool; for why am I crying.

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and, without uttering a word, pressed his hand, and put her handkerchief to his eyes. The boy also now left his parent walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, "then you won't take papa away?"

"No! you little impudent rascal—but I'll take *you* away; and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well, that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heavenlike affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. *One in love and one in mind*, ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many times check improvidence, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness. C. E. E.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Letters to a Friend.

NO. VII.

St. Catharines, (U. C.) May 23, 1826.

DEAR W.—On the 22d inst. we left Buffalo, and proceeded on our way to the Niagara Falls. The road, for the first 12 miles, was rough and uneven, but after pursuing the Tonawanta Creek, very much improved. The land is low and marshy; and but a small proportion of it is cultivated; owing, I was informed, to its having fallen into the hands of speculators, who demand for it, far more than its real value. When within about three or four miles of the Falls, we stopped the horse, and could very distinctly hear the roaring of the mighty wave, as it fell over the rocky precipice. We soon arrived at the village near the Falls, (which, by the by, is a small wretched looking place,) and after taking some

refreshment at the Eagle Hotel, hastened on a "voyage of discovery."

It is not my intention to enter into a long and minute description of this wonderful curiosity in nature, but merely to inform you of the extent of our own excursion.

We descended the stairway which a few years since was constructed at a short distance below the Falls, and found a number of other visitors who were just upon the point of embarking for the opposite shore. We were soon on board; and the little bark was, almost as soon, toiling against the eddies and the current. The river is in this place nearly a mile in width, embased by heights rising some two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet. While crossing, we had a fine front view of the foaming sheets of water, as they came with resistless fury from the rocky bed above. We were informed by the boatman that the first man who ever crossed at this place was a Mr. Forsyth, who keeps the Pavilion, on the Canada side; and that he had, since *swam* across—which I should think would be a very dangerous and unwise experiment.

Upon landing on the Canada shore, the guide led us along a winding path toward the summit of the hill. We were compelled to work our way over huge rocks, which, at some former period, had left the craggy steep; and at one place the path led between two rocks, each of which weighed several tons:—they, probably, formed but one, but by falling from the dizzy height, were rent asunder, and are now about two feet apart, which leaves scarcely room enough for a person to pass. We visited Table Rock, which projects about fifty feet, and an irregular arch is formed, which extends under the perch to Goat Island, almost without interruption. The view from this place is peculiarly grand.

After visiting the Pavilion, and regaling ourselves, we retraced our steps to the boat which was again put into the current. The boatmen rowed us so far toward the Falls, that we were completely sprinkled with the spray, which fell in such quantities that it might be compared to a heavy shower of rain; and many of the passengers, who had taken off their coats on account of the excessive heat, were now compelled to put them on again.

We next visited Goat Island, which we were enabled to do by a bridge from the American shore. Here we had an excellent view of the rapids and the Falls. The rapids are said to be one mile and a half long, and their descent has been estimated at fifty-eight feet:—The Falls add one hundred and sixty feet, making the whole height two hundred and eighteen feet.

The Niagara river is twenty-five miles in length, and from one half mile, to six or seven miles in width. It contains a number of islands, the largest of which is Grand Island, which is twelve miles long and from two to

seven broad. "The course of the river above the Falls is almost westward; below it turns abruptly to the northeast and flows almost a mile and a half, when it assumes a northern direction to Lake Ontario." About five miles below the Falls is a semi-circular basin, on the east side of the river three hundred yards in circuit, enclosed by rocky cliffs. The current confined here forms a tremendous whirlpool.—It is called the "Devil's Hole!" The banks of the river are here about three hundred feet in height.

While wandering near the Falls a small wild-flower arrested my attention. There was a peculiar something about it which made it appear

"Sae modest and sae lovely,"

That I could not refrain from penning the following scrap:—

Poor lovely flow'et—thus alone
We see thee born to bloom and perish—
Though many pass, yet there are none
Who aim thy drooping leaves to cherish:
The waves move roughly, hoarsely on,
As o'er the cataract they're gliding;
But soon we mark their fury gone,
And they in peacefulness subsiding.

The waves will roll when thou art dead,
To mix with ocean's foaming bosom;
And other flowers will droop the head,
While thou, in other lands shalt blossom:
For when another spring shall come,
Far, far remov'd, thy leaves shall flourish;
On other shores thy buds shall bloom,
And other dews thy leaves shall nourish.

Emblem of life—'tis so with man—
He pines his head to-day in sorrow—
Then falls beneath diseases wan;
And lies entombed in earth to-morrow.
And as he falls beneath the swell,
It forms a ripple in the billow—
But look again, and none can tell
The spot wherein he found a pillow.

And though perchance there may be some
Whose eyes will 'token throbs of sadness;
Yet look again, and all the gloom
Is lost in scenes of mirth and gladness.
To man there is another Spring,
Where kindred ties are never riven;
Where peace is ever blossoming,
And he in bliss resides—"Tis heaven.

But, fare-thee-well! sweet, lovely flower—
O could'st thou bloom as when I found thee,
Then might the waves in torrents pour—
They could not add one charm around thee:—
But ah! 'tis vain—thy life is brief—
'Thou soon wilt go, so sweet and lovely;—
And when I've pass'd my days of grief
O, would that thou could'st bloom above me.

On our way back to the Hotel, we observed a small tenement, with the word "Minerals" clumsily painted over the door, and stepping in, we were shown a great variety of them. They were mostly found at Lockport, in excavating the canal through the Mountain Ridge. After making a few purchases, we proceeded onward. About sunset we set out for Lewiston. Adieu,—

HENRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

The Turnpike of Life.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call in as they go—and there are very few of all the host of travellers, who do not occasionally stop a little at some one or another of them, and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth delightful road in the outset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands, but she taxes without mercy; like an artful robber she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money—and turns him off, a miserable object into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain—He's the very worst of toll gatherers on the road—for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on the road ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common sense men who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things—it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with. We are all apt to do a good deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Ten chances to one then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is closely to observe how others manage—to mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life—see how those who do well manage, and trace the cause of all evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficul-

ty in working things right if you know how—by these means you learn.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature—good habits I speak of, bad ones are more easily acquired; they are the spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.—*Trenton Emporium.*

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—The Doctor was walking one day on Front st, near Chestnut street, in the city of Philadelphia, at the dawn of our Revolution, when he was thus accosted by a Tar:

"Is your name Ben Franklin?" Yes.—"Are you the man who invented the saw dust pudding?" Yes replied the Doctor. "Then" said the sailor, "for God's sake don't give the receipt to make it to old F*****, our merchant, as he will feed all his crew on it."

The story of the saw dust pudding, *aliter dictum*, wheat bran pudding, arose in this manner—The Doctor had conducted an independent paper in Philadelphia, which gave offence to a class who wanted to rule every body in their own way; and the heads of this party, some fifteen or twenty, informed the Doctor that they would frown him down, unless he would submit to the curb. The Doctor proposed to explain, and fixed the time at his own house, where the gentlemen were invited to dine. He requested his lady to employ two pence in the purchase of a peck of wheat bran, and to make two puddings of it—one for each end of the table, as he was to have fifteen or twenty friends to dine with him.—The company met—the two puddings were served on table, without any other dishes—the company sat down, and each friend was served with his slice of pudding. Their curiosity led them to try it—they examined each other's countenances, and at length were satiated with the pudding. Friends, says the Doctor, will you be helped to more? No they all replied, we have enough of your pudding. But what means this? Why, replied the Doctor, it means to tell you that these two puddings cost two pence, and fifteen friends say they have enough. Know then, that as long as Benjamin Franklin can satisfy fifteen friends with two pence he never will sacrifice the independence of his paper.—*Charleston Courier.*

Half Price.—An Irishman, just arrived in London, saw in a shopkeeper's window, "this superior blanket for half price." As it was the very article he wanted, he quickly walked in and inquired the price of it. "Five shillings," replied the seller. "Chape enough too, and I will buy it," says Pat—and putting it under his arm, he laid down half a crown, and was taking his leave, when the shopkeeper leaped over the counter, and interrupted his passage, demanding two shillings and sixpence

more. "Did'nt you advertise the blanket for half price?" said the Hibernian, "and did'nt you say the price was five shillings? consequently, half price is half of that; so the d——l, burn myself and the blanket if I give up my bargain." Finally, both parties adjourned to Bow-Street; when, after a patient examination before the magistrate, Pat was permitted to retain his purchase, and the blanket-seller warned never more to ticket his goods in the window for sale at half price.

War.—Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but, on opening the box, lo and behold!—it was empty.—Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

Friendship.—Friendship improves and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief.—*Spectator.*

SUMMARY.

Melancholy Intelligence.—The dreadful and afflictive news of the supposed murder of two of our fellow citizens, Daniel Coffin Esq. and Capt. Robert W. Dayton reached this city on Sunday last.—They both sailed from New-York for Havanna in the early part of the past winter, in the schooner Mark Time, with a crew of three blacks, by whom, in conjunction with two others shipped at Havanna, it is supposed the outrage was committed. The schooner was found on the coast of Florida with only negroes on board by the Spanish brig of war Manta, and sent into Havanna, where the crew was taken into custody—their statement was contradictory, at one time stating that they had been knocked overboard by the main boom, at another, that they had been drowned by the upsetting of the boat in going on shore.

These gentleman, both belonged to highly respectable families; and the heart rending intelligence of their untimely fate has cast a gloom over our city.

New Post Offices.—A new Post Office has been established at Fort's Mills, Moreau; and Nicholas W. Angle, Esq. appointed Post-Master. The old office in that town, kept by B J. Clark, is to be known in future by the name of Clark's Borough. A New Post Office has been established in the town of Adams, in Jefferson county, by the name of Union Post Office. E. M. Howard, Post Master. Also a New Post Office, has lately been established in the town of Hartford, Saratoga co. called the South Hartford Post Office, at what is familiarly called "The lower village." Joseph Harris, Esq. is Post Master.

New York Mirror.—The Editor of this interesting miscellany proposes enlarging and improving its future numbers, by the addition of splendid engravings, and increased aid in its literary department.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. David Mead, of Cairo, to Miss Ann Bodine, of this city.

DIED,

On the 6th inst. Alexander Lamphier, son of Mr. David Lamphier, aged 18 months.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Samuel H. Condit, aged 54 years.

At Albany, Jane Bement, wife of William Bement; aged 50 years.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

LINES

Suggested by the death of Daniel Coffin, Esq. and Capt. R. W. Dayton, formerly worthy citizens of this city, lost from on board the schooner Mark Time.

Mark Time!—That Widow—Mother'll mark,
Whose broken hearts will e'er entwine,
While life affords one vital spark—
With anguish'd souls they'll mark the time!

On mem'ry's painful page 'twill be
A story fraught with painful sorrow,
Of dreadful conflict on the Sea—
Beyond the hope of coming morrow.

No more they dream of happy greeting,
Their bosoms thrill no more with home;
The distant waves are o'er them sweeping,
But safe to Heaven their spirits gone.

And now perchance they smile on those—
Who "shed the bitter drops like rain;"
Where mercy's fount forever flows,
And gives them to their arms again.

For soon with purest bliss ye'll rise,
And press those dear beloved forms;
Where sorrow ne'er can dim your eyes,
Nor parting hour will ever come.

The widow's heart will leap for joy,
And then the mother's hail her son;
The father clasp his orphan boy,
And fond caress his little one.

"Tho' nature ne'er will wear a smile,
While kindred hearts so sad entwine—
Their grief, no sunny ray beguile;
For mem'ry true, will mark the time!

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

TIME'S CHANGES.

There was a child, a helpless child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept, and sometimes smil'd,
Upon its mother's breast;
Feebly its meaning stammered out,
And tottered tremblingly about,
And knew no wider world without
Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light heart boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy
Forgotten in an hour;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth,
He felt no scath, he knew no ruth,
Save love's sweet wounds alone;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs
Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
Whose bosom nurs'd full many a plan
For making life's constricted span
A path of gain and gold;
And how to sow, and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep
Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, grey-haired one,
On whom had fourscore winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
His thread of life so fine,
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'Twould be as it had never been,
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they those five, whom fate
Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
That each might in his different state
The other's pathways shun?
I tell thee that that infant vain,
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
That grey-beard, who did roads attain
So various—they were one. H. N.

LINES

Written in a Sketch-Book by a Printer.

With business so much pressed,
That, in a case like mine,
Scarcely a space is left
To justify a line:

Yet, lest impressions wrong
Should meet a brother's view
To me it should belong
To make the matter true—

That, when the hand now warm
Has printed its last sheet;
And when the lifeless form
The pulse has ceased to beat;

It may be taken down,
When, washed from every stain,
On heaven's own corner-stone
To be imposed again.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Bank.

PUZZLE II.—Buck.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
P H M
K O M

These letters in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
And source of misery.

When this riddle is most unfolded, it becomes the greatest mystery.

II.

My first is two thirds of an imitator, my second is one half of an esculent grain, my third is a small house, my whole is the name of a wall fruit.

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